

A

REVIEW

OF THE

STATE

OF THE

BRITISH NATION.

Saturday, April 15. 1710.

IT is natural; when we feel any Capital Mischief approaching us, to look back to the Ground and Reasons, the Causes and Originals from whence they flow; so I cannot but look back, when the present Confusions represent themselves to my View, to some Originals from whence these things began— And in order to make some Guess at it, let me remind you, Gentlemen, that some few Months before the preaching of this Fire-brand Sermon at St. Pauls, there was a Paper publish'd here for some Time, Entitled, *The Rehearsal Reviv'd*; and another call'd a Dialogue between *Novel and Scandal*; they were written both by the same Author, and that Author, as afterward appear'd, was a Non-juror, a deprived Clergyman. *Of which by and by.*

In these Papers, two Things were very remarkable.

1. That they frequently made open Threatnings, of what great Efforts would be made this Parliament, to pull down the Power of the *Low Church-men* and *Dis-senters*.

2. There was an Advertisement, inviting the Clergy to this *Higb-Church War*— It began in these Words— *Gentlemen of the Clergy, now is the Time to exert your selves, &c.*

I think, Gentlemen, now they have exerted themselves indeed, *now the Plot is broke out*— And before I examine what this Exerting themselves means, let me observe one Thing to the Gentlemen on that

that Side— *Intolerably blinded Wretches as they are, not to see it.* Now, not a *Jacobite* says a Word— Indeed they are brave Fellows, and have out-witted you all; they have politickly thrown off the Quarrel from themselves— for they really are not concern'd in it, *I mean openly,* and the War lies fairly upon the *High-Church*— These are the declar'd Enemies, and these would now be call'd **THE CHURCH**— The *Jacobites* are to be prais'd for their Craft; who indeed can blame them? I would do just thus, *if I were a Jacobite*— Now the *High Church* are the Men, and the *Jacobites* sit still, and laugh— They have halloo'd them on, and they are fastned upon one another, like two Mastives, the other have no Business but to clap their Hands, and hearten them up— And not a Pen of theirs appears, their Cause lies at bottom, but the other is at top; and when they have worry'd and weary'd one another, then is the Time for them to fall on.

Since then the War is thus fatally begun, and there is no avoiding a Decision of the Quarrel, let me see, if I can do some little Service in the Beginning, by marshalling the Parties, and see who and who is together; for really in this appears, the first Policy of the *High-Church* Party, in fighting restly against one Party, and pretending to fight against another.

The great Cry is rais'd against the *Dissenters*; this was resolv'd upon at first, for they could not raise the Mob without it: *Damn the Presbyterians* is the Word; the same Sham began at the First of her Majesty's Reign, *down with the Presbyterians* was the Cry then, and their Ministers began to be insulted in the Streets— But look you, Gentlemen, the War is not against the *Dissenters*, the *Presbyterian* Quarrel is of another Kind; and tho' it will follow indeed, and fall in of Course, and all the *High Church* Mens Tolerations-Grievances, their Union-Affiliations, and their Succession-Uneasinesses will at last want to be redress'd; yet this is not the present Quarrel. The present Distraction lies directly between *High Church* and *Low Church*, and their Auxiliaries on both sides—

And tho' I am no General, if you please, I'll draw the two Armies up in Order of Battle, with their respective Generals and Leaders on both sides; and I'll begin with the Enemy, for they are the Aggressors.

Their Army of Furies are drawn up in two Lines, with their Reserves.

The first Line is thus form'd; Sixty Battalions of *High Church* Infantry in the Center, cloath'd all in Black, commanded by experienc'd Officers of the *High-Flying Clergy*, who are all distinguish'd by this particular Qualification, that they have *abjur'd* the Side they fight for, and sworn to the Side they fight against.

General Officers here are *Don Henrico Pomporico*, Captain General and Commander in Chief for the Expedition; an *Italian*, but an experienc'd Soldier, an Ecclesiastick by Profession, but bred to Arms, and especially zealous in this *High Church* Cause; under him serv'd, *Don Eustacio Vera Crewcio*, General of the Infantry, with five Lieutenant Generals, (*viz.*) the Sieurs *H—ns*, *H—d*, *H—s*, *A—y*, and *B—s*; and and five Major Generals, (*viz.*) Messieurs *W—n*, *B—d*, *Kj—y*, *R—y*, and *M—n*, with Brigadeers, and *Aid de Camps* of the Church, innumerable.

In the Right Wing are plac'd 52 Squadrons of *Cuirassiers*, all arm'd with Capard Feather, Carrying the *High-Church* Standard with this Device, **NOT GUILTY UPON MY HONOUR**— They were led by that noble and old batter'd Soldier of the *High Church* Cause, his Highness the Prince of *Buquingam*; General of the Horse; these were the Flower of the Army, and that General had under him Lieutenant General *Nottingham*, and the famous Lord *ALTALK*, experienc'd Officers—with sundry others. *Qua nunc praescribere longum est.*

In the Left Wing were plac'd the Light Horse and Dragoons, making an equal Number, tho' not in so good Order as the Right, being very well appointed, tho' new rais'd—And led on by an old Plebeian Soldier, lately come over to the *High Church* Party, the famous Captain *TOM*, who (to encourage him) was made a General Officer for the Day, and had the leading of the Dragoons—

Dragoons — My L — of the Great Horse, and one Lieutenant General Sackville commanded the Light Horse, consisting of 26 Squadrons, three Regiments of which were *Female Viragoes*, who for meer Zeal to *Higb-Church* and Passion for the *Doſtor*, had took Arms, and rid aſtride for the Cauſe — The *Doſtor* was alſo made a General Officer for the Day, but my L — of the Great Horse deſerted, and run away into the City, where he was afterwards ſufficiently laught at for a Coward, and worthily coupled with the Hangman for his Mortification, as will appear in the Sequel of the Story.

Captain TOM led the Dragoons — They carry'd a Water-man's Boat Hookſtaff for their Standard, and (your Pardon Bſq; *Bickerſtaff*) upon it *A Brazen Medal*; (*Viſz.*) On one ſide a Bonfire, and the Rabble burning the Bible, with this Motto, *Damn the Preſbyterians* — On the Reverſe, a Houſe pulling down, with theſe Words, *Down with the Bank*.

The ſecond Line (according to the Method of the Antients — ſuch as *Hannibal*, *Julius Caſar*, &c.) was compos'd wholly of *Auxiliaries*, *Mercenaries*, and *hir'd Troops*; ſaving that they had ſome *Higb-Church* Commanders, and the Foreigners did not ſcruple to ſubmit to be commanded by theſe Gentlemen, becauſe they found them carrying on their Cauſe more than their own.

Here you have 21 Battalions of *Jacobite* Infantry in the Center, led on by an old *Polish* Soldier, whoſe Name Authors do not agree upon, but he was of the famous Family of the *Chis-skys* in *Poland* — and who had teſtify'd his Zeal for their Cauſe, by openly *washing his Hands* of the *Revolution*. Beſides theſe, there were two Battalions of *Rennegadoes* or *Malecontents* lately gone over to the Party, and who now fight moſt vigorously for that Cauſe, having more Animoliſty, and leſs Honesty, than the original *Jacobites* — Theſe laſt being Men of Honour, always owning their Principles, and ſtanding ſtoutly to their Cauſe. I forbear to name you the Officers of theſe, becauſe ſome of them, as ſoon

as their Eyes are open, will repent again, and may merit their Pardon.

The Cavalry on the Wings here are compos'd of 60 Squadrons of Horse and Dragoons equally divided; 30 Squadrons on the Right, and 30 on the Left. I ſhall perhaps give you a more particular Account of their Officers hereafter. The Right conſiſted of 20 Squadrons of a new Kind of Light Horse call'd *BIGOTS*, who were rais'd by Way of *Crusade* for this very Expedition, and were call'd the *Horse-Guards* of the *Chevalier de St. George*, with ten Squadrons of *Eccleſiaſtick Horse-Granadiers*, all *Non-jurant* Clergy-men — Terrible Troops theſe were indeed, and led by experienc'd Officers, and particularly the *Horse Granadiers*, threw a Sort of unuſual Fire-works, which put all into Confuſion where they fell.

Theſe were led by Lieutenant General *Leſly*, and under him there ſerves for Major Generals of the Church, *Spinks*, *Leech*, *Dodwell*, and *Stacy*, Men experienc'd both with Tongue and Pen, the Swords of the Cauſe, and who have been hitherto very ſucceſſful; their Device was a Cathedral Church — Over it was written — *The new eſtabliſh'd Church of England* — And under it, *She is Schiſmatick and Apoſtate*.

In the Left Wing were plac'd 20 Squadrons of *Papiſh Volunteers*, and 10 Squadrons of Dragoons of *St. Germain's*. Theſe were properly call'd *Mercenaries*, tho' they ſerv'd without Pay, becauſe they were brought in by the Procurement of the Party, and from a true Zeal to the Cauſe — Their Officers were all Strangers, ſo I need not name them, Men of Fortune that watch'd for the Spoil on either hand, and were ſure to be Gainers, whoever loſt the Day; their Standard has for its Device, A Young Man crown'd, representing the *Pretender* — With the Words, *James III. and VIII.* and underneath, *Popery* and *Slavery*, *ſURE DIVINO*.

Behind theſe were drawn up at ſome Diſtance in little *Corps de Reſerve*, ſome choſen Troops of the *Higb Party*, who are kept whole for all Occaſions — Such as a Body of Foot on the Right, drawn up in one large Front, 134 in Rank; theſe were call'd

call'd *Tackers*, and are all Men of Fortune, old Soldiers, and tho' hitherto unfortunate, are by their being often defeated grown desperate, and will fight light Furies, in Hopes to come into Play again—— And on the Left, a like Body call'd FALSE BRETHREN, Men who swear, and abjure, and call themselves of the Church, but are actually in Arms for Jacobitism, and keep themselves thus on the Reserve for the last Resort of the Party.

This is the Army of the Enemy, by which it is evident, that tho' *High-Church* are call'd the Principals in this War, and have taken the Quarrel upon them—— Yet Jacobitism and Popery are in the second Line, and act behind the Curtain, supporting and pushing on all the rest——


There is no less Necessity of stating plainly who are the Persons these People make War upon, where tho' the *Dissenters*, under the Name of *Presbyterian*, are the pretended Enemy; yet it will appear, that the *QUEEN*, the *Constitution*, and in general the *Liberty* and *Religion* of this Protestant Nation, are the only Things aim'd at, and which are directly fought against in this Contention——

ADVERTISEMENT.

Whereas great Industry has been us'd to suppress this Paper, by several Members of a Party, to whom it is particularly Grievous to hear too much Truth—— By whose Art the Publication of it has so far been stop'd, that none have been to be had, either of the Hawkers, or Shops where other such Papers are sold.

These are to give Notice, That for the future, over and above the usual Number deliver'd by the Publisher,—— A certain Number shall be let at Mr. *Nathaniel Cliff's*, Bookseller in *Cheapside*, near *Mercer's-Chappel*, and at Mrs. *Pye* at the Sign of the *Golden Perrwig* at *Charing-Cross*; where any Gentlemen may be supply'd either with single Reviews, or whole Volumes, as they please.

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N. B. For Privacy, he will attend any Gentleman at any Place, near the Places and Hours above-mention'd. Those, who live in the Country, may be supply'd by sending Letters.

N. B. His Mother, the Widow of the late Mr. *Christopher Bartlett*, lives at his House in *Goodman's-Fields*, and is very skilful in the Business to those of her own Sex.